

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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"THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN."

By "RITA."

Author of "Dame Durden," "Gretchen," "Darby and Joan," "Sheba," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. "THE KIRK."

My journal chronicles the events of each day of that visit to Scotland, with the exactness almost of *Clariassa Harlowe*; but I do not intend to give those extracts here with the minuteness of detail I then delighted in.

I never in my life had been so happy; for never in my life before had I experienced what it was to be loved, and thought of, and cared for, as they all loved and cared for me. No wonder that my health improved; that roses bloomed on my white cheeks, and strength returned to my languid frame; that in a month's time I looked a different being to the pale, thin, sickly girl who had come to *Craig Bank*.

I had been three weeks with *Grannie* before I went to church. The first Sunday I was not well, and she would not let me go. The second, it rained heavily and persistently from morning to night. On the third, however, the sun was shining warmly and brilliantly, and at breakfast she announced that it would be as well if I did go to "the kirk" with her.

"No braws, lassie," she said, as I ran upstairs to dress. "It's no' fitting that one should be in any way remarkable in the house o' the Lord—distracting the mind o' puir weak bodies that are aye moved with carnal vanities. You being 'the young leddie from London,' they will be aye

looking and wondering about ye, so just put on a quiet gown and bonnet, and pay no heed to anybody ye may see."

"Very well, *Grannie*," I said, meekly; and forthwith proceeded to examine my wardrobe, and wonder what I had best select.

It was a warm June day; surely no one could call a white dress remarkable or unsuitable. I decided on white—a plain white muslin—and toned it down with a black lace hat, in which were twisted some poppies and cornflowers.

Grannie looked at me doubtfully—I think she objected in her heart to the poppies—but as the bells were ringing, there was no time to change the hat, so we sallied forth together through the quiet streets on our way to the Presbyterian Church.

And how quiet the streets of a Scotch town are on a Sunday! It seemed to me as if the hush of death or sleep lay on the silent houses, with their half-drawn blinds, and look of desertion. Then the whole aspect and demeanour of the people seemed altered. They exchanged grave bows and greetings; but the usual smiling welcome or jest was absent. We met the whole family of *Camerons* marching in a solemn and imposing procession.

I thought *Grannie* would have spoken to, or joined them, but she did not, and even *Bella's* laughing face wore an expression of gravity which was almost awe-inspiring.

I followed *Grannie* to her pew and took my place beside her; then, quite unabashed by the preternatural gravity of my surroundings, I proceeded to look about at the congregation.

A little to the right of our seats I caught sight of the sunny brown hair and handsome profile of *Douglas Hay*. He half

turned, and our eyes met. I could not help smiling in recognition of the quick flash of interrogation in his eyes; but I was angered, too, at the sudden flash that rose to my face, and wondered a little why the fact of his presence should have so suddenly altered—for me—all the gloom and dulness of the surroundings.

The service commenced, and its novelty astonished and puzzled me not a little.

It seemed so strange to stand up to pray; and then to have a long extempore prayer.

Then the length of that petition! Heavens! How tired I was; and how terribly monotonous was its mode of delivery.

It was with a sense of intense relief that at last I heard it come to a close, and received the information that the congregation would now sing, to the praise and glory of God, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Psalm.

With all the will in the world to be grave and reverent, I could not keep my gravity as a being who I learnt was called "the Precentor" rose to his feet and gave forth, in a cracked, harsh voice, the air of this Psalm.

To any one with musical ears it was simply torture. And, alas! when the congregation took it up just as each felt inclined—in any key, and without the slightest notion of harmony or part-singing, I positively shuddered. The dissonance was indescribable, and the fervour and force thrown into the so-called singing only made it more horrible.

Then came some reading of the Scriptures, and another long extempore prayer; after which another ear-torturing Psalm, sung to the melancholy "Coleshill," led the way to the sermon.

Oh, that sermon! For long it lived in my memory. Its involved phrases; its bigoted and perverted rendering of incidents which were surely never meant to be accepted in any literal sense; its perversion of texts to suit some special "point"; its occasional lapse into personality; its apparent familiarity with the person, attributes, and intentions of the Supreme Being—all this jarred upon me to a degree that left my brain irritated, my heart indignant, and any spiritual feelings I might have experienced in a state of offence and disgust.

I inwardly resolved I would not go to the "kirk" again, and I was thankful

when the service was over, and I once more found myself in the open air.

Grannie was speaking to some friends, when Douglas Hay approached me in his "Sunday get-up." I thought how much handsomer he had looked in his Highland "bonnet" and knickerbockers.

"Have you survived it?" he asked, in a mischievous whisper. "I wish you could have seen the expression of your face! It was a study. Do you intend coming to the afternoon service? You've only done half, you know. There's the 'interval,' and then we go through it all again."

"Oh, I couldn't," I exclaimed, in despair. "Surely Grannie won't make me?"

I looked round for her, but she was engaged discussing some point of the discourse with another old lady, and had apparently forgotten my presence.

"Listen," said Douglas Hay, coming close to me, and speaking low and hurriedly; "I will call round at Craig Bank when Mrs. Lindsay has gone to the service, and take you for a walk; that will be much better. It is a shame to waste a lovely afternoon like this. I'll show you the Islands. Will you come?"

"Yes; certainly," I said, readily. I had no thought of wrong-doing, I did not know, even, that to go for a walk on a Sunday was counted quite a heinous offence among the good Scotch folk of the town. I only felt the natural reaction of spirits after the penance of the morning. I only thought of the delight of liberty and action, and congenial companionship. Then the Camerons came up, and Douglas Hay merely lifted his hat and left us.

"Don't be looking after that young man," said Bella, sharply; "he's a ne'er-do-weel, and not fit company for you."

I laughed merrily.

"How you all do abuse that poor young Hay," I said. "It's quite a case of 'give a dog a bad name.'"

"And the best thing to do, when the dog deserves it," said Bella. "But how did you like the service? You'd better come down with us, and then we'll go together to the after—"

"Oh, no, thank you," I cried, in unfeigned terror; "I really couldn't, Bella. I never sat through such a wearisome and depressing service in my life. I've had quite enough for one day, thank you."

"Grannie will be shocked at you. It's no proper observance of the Sabbath if you don't go to the two services. The interval is

only for rest and lunch, then it's concluded."

"I can't help that," I said, obstinately. "I simply can't and won't go through all that again."

"Will you come to the Free Church wi' us to-night, instead?" asked Bella. "We often go. You'll like it better than this, and the minister, Mr. Grant, he is a powerful preacher—very different to poor old Gillespie."

I shook my head.

"I don't want any more church or preaching to-day," I said.

"You're a heathenish, wicked, wee thing," said Bella, giving my arm a pinch. "And I've a mind not to tell you what Kenneth's been planning for you; a rare fine jaunt, I can tell ye, my lady."

"Kenneth!" I echoed, in surprise. "Why, what did he trouble himself about me for?"

"Oh, listen to the innocence of the creature," laughed Bella; "when she knows she's just turned the lad's head with her big eyes, and her soft smiles, and her dainty, Southern ways. Kenneth's aye quiet and serious for his age, but he's got eyes in his head, I can tell ye, and for what does he go to Grannie's every evening, and teach ye reel steps, and how to pronounce the Scotch songs, and get up at five in the morning to fetch ye rowans from Craig Phadric—eh, my bit lady; just tell me that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Bella," I said, gravely. "I never noticed that he did all these things."

"Poor Kenneth," said Bella, with mocking compassion. "I'm thinking he'd just be heart-broken if I told him o' that sorry speech. You never noticed, didn't you? Oh, fie, fie, coz. Well, just open your eyes a bit, and try to notice. I'm thinking the poor lad's brain is softening, myself, and his appetite is just pitiable."

I laughed outright. Not for a moment did I believe her, or credit my solemn-faced cousin Kenneth with any such feelings as she implied. True, he had been at Grannie's very often, and taught me Scotch songs—or rather how to pronounce the words of them—but I always looked upon him as an elder brother more than anything else. To think of Kenneth Cameron regarding me with anything like sentiment, was infinitely amusing—Kenneth, who never met my eyes, whose greeting was always cold and abrupt, who had never even made an attempt at a compli-

ment, even in the rough-and-ready-fashion of Alick Macpherson and some of his friends. No wonder I laughed.

All the same I glanced somewhat curiously at the Cameron group, among which he stood—almost a head taller than any of them. He was watching Bella and myself, but he did not approach us.

At the same moment, Grannie, having concluded her discussion, turned to see if I was ready to go home.

I said good-bye to Bella, and joined the old lady. I fear I fell rather out of favour with her by refusing to attend the afternoon service. But I was resolute on that point, and she gave in at last.

She went off, and so did old Jean, and I, with a sense of freedom, mischief, and longing all combined, was left alone in the house to await my expected visitor.

CHAPTER VI. OFFENDED PREJUDICES.

I HAD not long to wait.

I was standing at the window when I saw Douglas Hay approaching.

I ran to the front door and opened it. "I am afraid I cannot go out," I said. "Grannie and Jean have gone to church, and I am taking care of the house."

"Oh, botheration!" was the curt and comprehensive reply. "Can't they get in?" he added, presently; "you might leave the door open. No one would think of entering."

"I am afraid Grannie would be angry," I said, doubtfully. "She did not say I was to stay in the house, but she seemed to expect it."

"Well, may I stay and take care of it with you?" he asked. "She can't object to that."

"I shall be delighted," I answered, with perfect truth. All the same I was sorry to miss my walk! I looked wistfully out at the blue sky and bright sunshine.

"I know you are longing to go," he said, smiling; "shall we risk it? If we are quick, we can be back before they are home."

"But we can't possibly go to the Islands," I said; "they are a long way off I know, for my cousins told me."

"We need not go there to-day—some other afternoon I will take you if you will let me."

"Very well," I agreed, and ran off for my hat, returning in a minute to find Douglas Hay at the piano, softly playing

over some of the now familiar Scotch melodies.

"How beautifully you sang 'Auld Robin Gray,' that night at the Macphersons," I said. "I have often wished to tell you. I wish you would sing it for me now!"

He regarded me with mock horror. "What! Sing a profane song on the Sabbath! Oh, you little heathen! Why, the good folks of the town would be for excommunicating us. Don't you know you mustn't even play the piano on Sunday?"

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I don't believe that. How can music be wrong? If it is wrong to play one instrument, it is wrong to play all; if it is wrong to sing one sort of melody, it must be wrong to sing another. They have organs in the churches; and they sing—"

"No—I beg your pardon," he interrupted. "They drone. Surely you learnt that this morning! The more doleful and out-of-tune the performance, the more pleasing they consider it. You may sing in the kirk, but it would be a sin to do so in the house. You may walk to the service, but it is a sin to walk in field or lane for sake of exercise."

"Then," I said, abruptly, "why did you ask me to go for a walk with you? Would not Grannie be angry?"

"You are not a Presbyterian," he said, coolly; "and you are only a visitor here, and may surely be allowed some little liberty. You walk on Sundays in England?"

"Of course," I said, laughing. "In what does the sin consist?"

"Perhaps," he said, "because it is a pleasanter thing to do than to sit in a stuffy church listening to illogical and bigoted discourses; or have one's ears tortured by bad singing; or read dry books on sound doctrine, and other edifying but dreary subjects."

"But why should they say all pleasant things are wrong?" I asked.

"You had better enquire of the minister," he said. "You will be deluged with texts; overwhelmed with prophecies; told you are inclined to worship Bel and the Dragon; and generally scolded, upbraided, and declaimed against. I hope it may convince you. I have been through it all. I am a signal failure, and supposed to have fallen hopelessly away from grace. I assure you, that the more dreary, and melancholy, and depressing they can make the Sabbath in Scotland, the more praise-

worthy and acceptable do they consider themselves." But come," he added, closing the piano; "if we are going for this walk we had better be off, or else we shall find the gude folk all coming back from kirk."

"I wonder if Grannie will be angry with me?" I said, still doubtfully. "I really did not know they thought it a sin to go for a walk."

"She has not forbidden it," he said.

"No; but probably she never thought I would do so."

"Oh, come along, and chance consequences," he said, lightly; and, nothing loth, I obeyed him. Douglas Hay had a certain masterful way with him which rather swept one off one's feet. I thought it a very pleasant way as we strolled on together in the warm, June afternoon, and all the peace and fragrance of the country air seemed strangely still and sweet. We grew more confidential. He told me all about his life at college and his friends there—his escapades and tricks, and the many scrapes he had contrived to get into again and again. I, on my part, favoured him with a good deal of my personal history, in which he seemed more interested than I could have imagined possible. We drifted into discussion on all sorts of subjects. Now and then I was surprised to find how deep a vein of sentiment and sadness underlay that apparent recklessness and mirth.

"I often think," he said, "that I am destined to play the part of a buffoon in life. Every one has always seemed to expect it of me. I must have a smile and a jest for ever on my lips, and be ready to dance, laugh, joke, and amuse others, however 'down' I feel myself. It is my groove, I suppose. We all have one."

"I wonder what mine is?" I said, musingly.

"I think I could tell you—it is to be sympathetic, and natural, and graceful; to give the eye a sense of pleasure, and the mind a sense of trust. That is how you impressed me, at least. Whatever you do seems just the right thing done at the right moment. I could never imagine you being self-conscious, or losing that graceful little air of self-possession. There are people, you know, who always irritate one, and others who always rest one. I should think you could make life very pleasant for any one you cared for."

I laughed. "You are flattering me, and giving me a much better character than I

deserve. I am not, as a rule, a favourite with people."

"Because you require to be known," he said, quickly; "that I can quite imagine. But don't you know that certain natures arrive at an immediate understanding with each other, while others take years and years to get even tolerably intimate? I think, now, you and I would be very good friends."

My face grew warmer as I met the frank, blue eyes. I thought of all I had heard against him, of his reputation as a flirt, of the many warnings from Grannie and my cousins.

"What makes you think so?" I asked, looking away from him to where the warm light lay over the dark hills, and the fair, green country with its lines of hedge and copse.

"What? Oh, I can't exactly explain. I feel it. I felt it the moment I saw you. You are quite different to any girl I have ever met. As a rule I don't like girls. I am much more popular with women—you, I suppose, would consider them quite old women. One can talk to them and not be expected to flirt and make love. I hate this place for that reason. If you are seen walking once or twice down the High Street with a girl, you are immediately chaffed and twitted about it. My plan is to do that with a different one every day. It gives them some trouble then to decide which of the many is to become the object of my wavering affections."

"No wonder," I said, "that you are called a flirt."

He laughed.

"But I am not one—really I am not. It is very hard to live down a reputation, or alter people's opinions. You will hear a great deal that is bad of me; perhaps I deserve it. I daresay I do; but I hope I have some redeeming points—at least, I should like you to think so. I can be very loyal to any one I care for, and I never forget a kindness. As for other things, well, Heaven knows, I'm a graceless, ill-tempered, suspicious creature. My education and teaching are to blame for that. I've had a bad bringing up, Miss Lindsay; it's bound to tell on one, soon or late."

His face grew cold and hard. A sudden silence fell between us. We stood beside a little stream that ran through green meadows; above our heads were the feathery green boughs of the rowan trees. In the blue sky above Craig Phadric a few

white clouds were gathering. His eye rested on them for a moment.

"There," he said, suddenly, "is an illustration of the difference between a man and a woman. Her moods and intentions—even her promises—are like those clouds yonder—now here, now there, now resting, now floating off to new points and new scenes. A man's heart is like the sky beneath those clouds. You cannot see it always; but it is there—steadfast, sure, patient—enduring for all time."

"I think a woman is quite as true and steadfast, and patient, too, when she loves," I said, quickly.

"Ay, when," he said, with the old, mocking smile on his lips; "but that's not often. She thinks she loves. She says so, and a man believes her. But the drifting clouds are not more fickle than her fancies—the winds of Heaven more uncertain than her words."

"What can you know about women?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "You are much too young to have had an experience of any value."

"Am I?" he said, somewhat bitterly. "Then you are no student of character, Miss Lindsay. I am far older than my years, and as for experience—well, the less said of that the better. Now, I suppose, we had best be turning homewards. I don't want to get you into a scrape, so it might be as well for you to be in the house before your grandmother returns."

We began to retrace our footsteps; but I felt less at ease with him than I had done an hour before, and I began to wonder if my walk this afternoon were not a piece of imprudence, to say the least of it.

"You must not forget your promise to go to the Islands with me," said Douglas Hay, presently. "I should like to think I had been the first to take you there."

"Very well," I said. "But would you mind if my cousin Bella came with us? I am afraid Grannie won't let me go alone with you."

"You need not tell her," he said, quickly. "I know I'm not a favourite either with her or your cousins. And," he added, laughing, "though it seems a rude thing to say, I should very much object to the presence of a third person. Two are company, you know."

"Well," I said, laughing also, "I will see what I can do. But I must ask permission."

"You'll never get it, then," he said, gloomily. "I know that very well."

"One can but try," I said, cheerfully. "Good gracious!" I broke off, suddenly; "why, there is Grannie, and my cousin Kenneth!"

We were so close to them that we involuntarily came to a standstill. Never in all my life shall I forget the amazement, wrath, and indignation that spoke out in Grannie's face, nor the cold, haughty greeting with which Kenneth favoured my companion.

Not that Douglas Hay was one whit abashed. I think he rather enjoyed the scene.

"I found your grand-daughter moping in the house alone, Mrs. Lindsay," he said, "and I persuaded her that a little walk was the best thing for her. You really must not scold her."

"I'm thinking, Mr. Hay, that as you're better acquainted with the manners and customs o' the place than my grand-daughter, ye might hae been more circumspect," said the old lady. "It's no' usual, Athole, my dear, for people to take walks about the toon on the Sabbath. I thought ye would have known that."

"I didn't think there was any harm in it, Grannie," I said, feeling rather abashed by her stern face, and Kenneth's shocked one.

"Perhaps it was my own fault; I should have warned ye," she answered, more kindly. "Well, Mr. Hay, you'll excuse our saying good-bye; and I hope another time you find a young leddy alone, and ignorant of just what's considered right and proper in a place to which she's a stranger, you'll no' be takin' advantage o' her ignorance. I'm no' pleased wi' ye, and that's the truth."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Lindsay," said the young fellow, humbly. "But you know I never did hold with the prejudices and customs of the place; and your grand-daughter is equally liberal-minded. For the life of me I never could see why it was wrong to take a walk on Sunday."

"I'm no' wishin' to argue the matter," said the old lady, with dignity. "You knew my opinions, even if Athole did not. I am more than sorry to think ye should hae been sae forgetful."

She did not offer to shake hands, but turned away; and Kenneth, with a stiff bow, followed.

Douglas Hay and I looked at each other.

"Please forgive me," he said, timidly. "I hope she won't scold you. I'm afraid there's a poor chance for the Islands now."

A quick glance from the blue eyes, a lingering hand pressure, then he was gone. And, feeling that all the light and sunshine of the summer day had gone with him, I followed Grannie into the house.

CONCERNING INNS AND TAVERNS.

THE English inn has ceased to be a social institution. It has been supplanted by the monster hotel, the gin-palace, the restaurant, the "stores," so that its place knoweth it no more. It seems doubtful whether the cycling mania, which has made our young men—and a good many who are not young—"take to the road"—much to their physical advantage—can effect even a partial resuscitation. "The old order changeth, giving place to new;" and the rapid locomotion which is a necessity of the present day has deprived the inn—the old, comfortable, homely, English inn—of its *raison-d'être*. The traveller no longer needs a resting-place; "refreshment for man and beast" is seldom wanted. So the wayside inn, with its gabled roof, its rose-trellised porch, and diamond-paned casements, is as much a thing of the past as the amber ale with which its rubicund Boniface rejoiced the souls of his patrons, or the mellow double Glo'ster which enhanced the flavour of the ale. In like manner, the respectable urban hosteleries, the quiet taverns, where the principal townsmen—the lawyer, the doctor, the churchwarden, the half-pay officer—were accustomed to meet on stated evenings, and, with a moderate glass, wash down the immemorial game of whist, or cribbage, or shovel-board; where the "Odd Buttons," the "Cornerakes," the "Owls," or the "Easy Slippers," held their symposia—these, or most of them, have departed, along with the social conditions under which they flourished. From a picturesque point of view it is impossible not to regret their disappearance, and I doubt very much whether it is a moral gain. I do not think they encouraged intemperance, while I am sure they promoted a good feeling between classes, and a generous, neighbourly spirit. And no one can deny their superiority in all true, comfortable qualities to the smirk railway hotels and the huge, fashion-

able caravanserais which have taken their place.

The social importance of the inn in days of old is proved by the conspicuous position it holds in our fiction and poetry. The "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer start from an inn, along with the motley company of pilgrims bound for Saint Thomas's Shrine, to whom the genius of the poet has given an immortal life. Its site and name, the "Talbot," or "Tabard," still preserve the memory of the famous inn thus associated with our first great English poem. It was not, however, until the reign of Elizabeth, that the tavern attained to a permanent place in our literature, reflecting the important place it held in the daily life of the people.

Shakespeare puts before us the Elizabethan London tavern in his "Henry the Fourth," the "Boar's Head," at Eastcheap, with its accommodating hostess, its "leash of drawers," and its various classes of guests—Prince Hal, Fat Sir John, Ned Poins, Bardolph, and Pistol. He shows us also the small inn at Rochester, where the carriers put up their horses and themselves, and the highwaymen called to gain tidings of any rich booty which might be travelling that way, such as a "franklin from the wild o' Kent," with three hundred pounds in gold. At the "Garter," at Windsor, the Fat Knight had "his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing bed, and truckle bed," and his chamber was "painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new." To the ale-house on a heath, in the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," come a Lord from hunting, his huntsmen, and attendants, and a company of players. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's comedy of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," we are introduced to the "Bell Inn," at "Waltham-town's-end," belonging to "the old Knight of the most holy order of the Bell." The story of Massinger's drama of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" opens at the ale-house kept by Tapwell and his wife, Froth—by no means favourable specimens of their order. And Ben Jonson devotes a whole comedy to the humours of a day at the "New Inn," in Barnet, kept by a merry host, called Goodstock, whither the Lady Franquel invited some lords and gentlemen to wait on her, "as well to see the fashions of the place as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by." And in "Every Man out of his Humour," Carlo partakes of "a good fat

loin of pork," and "the biggest shaft out of the oldest butt" at the "Mitre," in Fleet Street.

To the dramatist Farquhar, we owe the popular conception of a rotund, rubicund landlord—a Boniface, as small wits still call the tavern-keeper. In his lively comedy of "The Beaux's Stratagem," Boniface is landlord of the inn at Lichfield, where much of the action of the piece takes place. His dialogue with Aimwell is brisk and lively.

"I have heard," says Aimwell, "your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that."

"Sir," says Boniface, "I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style."

"You're very exact," rejoins Aimwell, "in the age of your ales."

"As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children. I'll show you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my annodomin. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat."

"At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sum by your bulk."

"Not in my life, sir; I have fed freely upon ale," retorts the jolly host. "I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale."

Both Fielding and Smollett, in their novels—in "Tom Jones" and "Amelia," in "Roderick Random" and "Humphrey Clinker"—have sketched in vivid colours the tavern life of their time, in all its various aspects—the posting inn, the commercial inn, the fashionable inn; the inn as an asylum for persecuted lovers, and the inn as the rendezvous of the footpad and the highwayman. Goldsmith, in his delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," admits us to the interior of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," a typical village ale-house. In Cowper's "John Gilpin" we are carried, with his wife and children, to the "Bell," at Edmonton. Sir Walter Scott takes us to many a hostelry—to none more picturesque, I think, than the lone house by the waters of Solway Firth, in "Redgauntlet." In "Saint Ronan's Well" he introduces us to a Scotch inn and a Scotch hostess, the ever-famous Meg Dods; nor must we forget the "Black Bear" in his

romance of "Kenilworth." How many youthful eyes have moistened over Southey's "Maid of the Inn"! How many peals of laughter have been elicited by the scene at the "Blue Posts," where the midshipmen took their "breakfasts," in Marryat's "Peter Simple." Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, W. H. Ainsworth, Charles Lever—the tavern takes a prominent place in many of their fictions. Lord Lytton, in "Eugene Aram," shows us the "Spotted Dog" and its landlord, Peter Dealtry; but both are curiously artificial. The country inn belonged to a world of which Lord Lytton knew little, except from books.

How different are the inns which Dickens painted with such truth of colouring! Who can forget the "Holly Tree," and the exquisite romance of child-life associated with it? Or that "little public-house close to the river," where young David Copperfield astonished the landlord by asking for "a glass of the genuine stunning, with a good head to it"? Or that delightful Wiltshire village inn, the "Blue Dragon," where Mrs. Lupin was "the pine-apple" of "tight, plump, buxom, bright-eyed, dimple-faced landladies," and Mark Tapley found it no credit to be "jolly"? No other of our writers has sketched the English inn under all its types with such picturesque force and sympathetic accuracy! Turn to "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Our Mutual Friend," if you want to see the old English inn as it was in its palmy days. But best of all, perhaps, is Joe Willet's "Maypole," "an old building with more gable-ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day"—the very type and pattern of the wayside "luthaus"—as the Dutch not unhappily call it. Then, in Washington Irving's once popular "Sketch-Book," you will find the inn emotionally treated. And there are Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; and Mortimer Collins's "Inn of Strange Meetings"; and Tennyson's "Will Water-proof's Lyrical Monologue" at the "Cock." Thomas Hardy, I may add, is happy in his tavern-pictures, as in that of the "Buck's Head"—in "Far from the Madding Crowd"—which, "in the meridian times of stage-coach travelling, had been the place where many coaches changed and kept their relays of horses." But "all the old stabling was now pulled down, and little remained besides the habitable inn itself, which, standing a little way back from the road, signified its existence to

people far up and down the highway by a sign hanging from the horizontal bough of an elm on the opposite side of the way."

So much for the inn in poetry and fiction—a rapid and imperfect survey, but all that my limits will allow. Let us next take a look at some of its literary associations, and I think we shall discover them to be full of interest. Mr. W. L. Courtenay's recent dramatic sketch of "The Death of Marlowe" has reminded those unacquainted with R. H. Horne's earlier treatment of the same subject that the author of "Faustus" met his death in a tavern brawl at Deptford. The names of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are indissolubly associated with the "Mermaid," in Cheapside, which was unfortunately destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Here, if Fuller may be credited, took place the famous "wit-combats" between the two immortals, in which Master Jonson, like a Spanish galleon, was "solid but slow in his performances"; while Shakespeare, like an English man-of-war—a comparison evidently suggested by our victory over the Armada—could "turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

The only letter addressed to Shakespeare which has survived the cruel ravages of time, was written from the "Bell Inn," Castle Yard, by his friend, Richard Quiney. Ben Jonson drank "bad wine" at the "Devil," in Fleet Street, on the site of which now stands Child's banking-house. The great room was called the "Apollo"; and thither went all who wished to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and made merry with a cup of canary, or of "sherris sack."

There Jonson reigned supreme; with an authority more undisputed even than that of Dryden, at a later date, at Will's coffee-house, or Addison at Button's. Jonson also patronised the "Half-Moon," in Aldersgate Street—afterwards a favourite "house of call" with Congreve—the "Falcon," at Bankside, the "Three Cranes," in the Vintry, and the "Swan," at Charing Cross.

Sir Walter Raleigh, that most brilliant of adventurers, sometimes took a cup of wine, and smoked a pipe of the new-found tobacco, at the "Queen's Head," among the orchards and green fields of Islington. Sir John Suckling played bowls at the "Bear-at-the-Bridge-Foot," which stood at

the Southwark end of old London Bridge, and was pulled down in 1761.

"Gossiping" Pepys frequented almost all the taverns in or near London. He dined at the "Bell," in King Street, Westminster; played handicap at the "Mitre," in Wood Street, Cheapside; had a good dinner on more than one occasion at "Hercules' Pillars"; on another at the "Dolphin," with "Sir W. Batten, and his lady and daughter Matt, and Captain Cook and his lady—a German lady, but a very great beauty—and we dined together, at the spending of some wagers won and lost between him and I; and then we had the best musique, and very good songs, and were very merry and danced. But, after all our mirth comes a reckoning of £4, besides 4s. of the musicians, which did trouble us; but it must be paid, and so I took my leave." The "Cock," at the end of Suffolk Street, had also the honour of his presence. And his face was seen at the "inn that goes down to the water-side," at Brentford, where, on a Sunday, he ate and drank, then went to church, and, in the hush of the evening, "took boat," and returned home.

And now for a couple of tavern-scenes:

The time is the close of the seventeenth century; the place, the "Mitre Tavern," in Saint James's Market. On the threshold of the open door stands a gay young officer, smartly dressed, with a bright, good-humoured countenance, which, at this moment, is illuminated by a smile of astonishment and delight. He is Captain Farquhar, well known as a successful dramatist and a vivacious wit; and he is listening intently to a beautiful girl who, unconscious of his presence, is reading aloud the "Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher, with charming eloquence of voice, manner, and gesture. At length, he breaks in upon her with an involuntary burst of applause. Blushing, but not abashed, she listens, well pleased, while the Captain pronounces "that there is stuff in her for an exquisite actress"; and, clasping her hands, she, in her turn, declares that "of all conditions," it is "the one she wishes most ardently to fulfil." This beautiful girl afterwards won the suffrages of the town as Mrs. Oldfield.

Now let us turn to the "Rhenish Wine Tavern," in Canon Row, Westminster. Here, in the bar, a boy of fourteen is reading a "Horace," when a customer enters—

a nobleman of distinguished parts, a poet, and a bon vivant—who, attracted by the boy's studious, thoughtful face, asks him what book he is poring over.

"The Odes of Horace."

"And can you turn them into English?"

"I think I can, my lord."

"Well, it hath puzzled some of our best wits to do justice to the poet's polished verse. Let me hear what you can make of the fifth carmen in the first book."

The lad, with some embarrassment, undertakes the task, and acquits himself to the satisfaction of the critical nobleman, who is no other than the accomplished Earl of Dorset. With his usual generosity, he charges himself with the young scholar's education, and in due time Matthew Prior is sent—chiefly at the Earl's expense—to Saint John's College, Cambridge.

The "Cock," in Bow Street, was a favourite house with Wycherley. It stood opposite his own residence, and after his unlucky marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, that imperious lady, when he visited his old haunt, insisted that he should keep open the window of the room in which he sat, and frequently show himself at it, that she might be convinced no fascinating nymphs sparkled among his company. It was at the "Queen's Arms," in Newgate Street—the site of which is now occupied by the new Post Office—that Tom D'Urfey conceived the idea of his "Pills to Purge Melancholy." At the "Triumphant Chariot," in Piccadilly, Sir Richard Steele and Savage spent a day in the hasty composition of a pamphlet, which they had to sell for two guineas before they could pay for their dinner. Ned Ward, the author of "The London Spy," kept a tavern in Red Bull Yard; and called the world to witness that on

That ancient venerable ground,
Where Shakespeare in heroic buskin trod,
A good old hostel may be found,
Celestial liquors fit to please a god.

He was in error, however, in supposing that Shakespeare was ever a player in the old theatre in Red Bull Yard. The "Swan," at Tottenham High Cross, was the place where Izaak Walton, in a sweet, shady arbour, decked with myrtle and woodbine, jessamine and sweet-briar, refreshed himself when he went a-fishing in the Lea; and quaffed that "drink like nectar," which he affirmed "too good, indeed, for anybody but us anglers." Tottenham, by the way, was fortunate enough in possessing another famous inn,

the "George and Vulture," supposed to have originally been the mansion of Balthasar Sanchez, the Elizabethan comfit-maker. It had spacious gardens, a banqueting-hall and music-room, and a canal well stocked with fish. Here, its host announced,

The cautious Fair may sip with glee
The freshest Coffee, finest Tea;

while

The Angler here, to Sport inclined,
In his Canal may Pastime find.

The members of the celebrated Kit Kat Club met in the summer at the "Upper Flask"—a tavern on the borders of Hampstead Heath—in the gardens of which, under the shade of a great mulberry-tree—only less famous than Shakespeare's—Addison, Steele, Congreve, Pope, Garth, Vanbrugh, and other wise and witty spirits, talked and jested all through the long, sunny afternoons. It was thus that prosy Sir Richard Blackmore rhymed about the club's summer outings:

Or when, Apollo-like, thou'rt pleased to lead
Thy sons to feast on Hampstead's airy head;
Hampstead that, towering in superior sky,
Now with Parnassus does in honour vie.

I must not forget that Richardson carries Clarissa Harlowe to the "Upper Flask" to escape for a while from the designs of Lovelace. "The Hampstead coach, when the dear fugitive came to it, had but two passengers in it . . ." who, "directing the coachman to set them down at the 'Upper Flask,' she bid them set her down there also. They took leave of her very respectfully, no doubt, and she went into the house, and asked if she could not have a dish of tea, and a room to herself for half an hour."

Addison, before his marriage to the Countess of Warwick, always dined at a tavern, spent the afternoon at Button's, and then to some tavern again for supper. The "Devil" tavern was a favourite resort, and the "Cocoa Tree," and the "Bull and Bush," at Hammersmith. A good story is told about Dr. Garth and Rowe, the dramatist, in connection with the "Cocoa Tree." The former, one morning, was conversing with two persons of quality in the coffee-room. Enter Rowe, who, among his weaknesses, cherished the not uncommon one of thirsting for the notice of his superiors in rank, and placing himself in a box nearly opposite to the doctor's, made vigorous efforts to draw his attention. Failing in this, he sent the waiter to borrow the doctor's snuff-box. After taking a pinch he returned it, but repeated the manœuvre so often that Garth, de-

tecting its purpose, took out a pencil, and wrote on the lid two letters of the Greek alphabet, ϕ ρ , that is, "Fie (phi), Rowe (rho)!" The poet felt the reproof, and instantly quitted the tavern.

There was an inn, we know, on Sir Roger de Coverley's estate, and one of the finest touches of Addison's urbane humour is to be found in the transmogrification of its sign. The landlord had formerly been a servant in the good Knight's family, and, to do honour to his master, had put up his portrait as his signboard, with the title of the "Knight's Head." "As soon," says Addison, "as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the 'Saracen's Head.'" When the metamorphosed "head" is shown to the Knight and his friend, the spectator, the latter is able still to discover a resemblance to his old friend. "Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'That much might be said on both sides.'"

Fielding, as an active police-magistrate, was doubtless familiar with the tavern life of his time, and, indeed, there is proof of this in his novels; but I do not find his name associated with any other place of resort than the "Bedford Coffee-house," Covent Garden, where probably he often met the rake and satirist, Churchill. Tobias Smollett, with true national clannishness, frequented the "British," in Cockspur Street, where the London Scots were wont to congregate. Johnson rolled his unwieldy bulk from inn to inn. When he first came to London he used to dine "with very good company" at the "Pine-apple," in New Street. "It used to cost the rest a

shilling, for they drank wine ; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny ; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." At the "King's Head"—"a famous beef-steak house," in Ivy Lane, he founded one of his clubs ; while the club, afterwards known as the Literary Club, to which Burke, Reynolds, and Goldsmith also belonged, met at the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho. At the "Devil" tavern, already spoken of, he gave a supper in honour of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, on the publication of her first novel, "The Life of Harriet Stuart." The chief dish was "a magnificent, hot apple-pie," which Johnson ornamented with bay-leaves. But the hostelry he most preferred was the "Mitre," in Fleet Street, where he and Boswell in the early days of their acquaintance had a good supper and a bottle of port wine.

We know Johnson's opinion of inns. "There is no private house," he once argued, "at which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. There is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do ; who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Another of his deliverances was that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity. And he would repeat Shenstone's well-known lines, written at the inn at Henley. I am ashamed to expose them to another repetition :

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

But both Johnson and Shenstone were referring to the old English inn of the old order. In our present-day inns, or rather, hotels, the traveller's welcome is in beautifully exact proportion to the length of his bill, if, indeed, there be any welcome at all. In the mammoth caravanserais that are now so popular, a man loses his individuality and sinks into a numeral—number two hundred, or three hundred, or four hundred, as the case may be ; and

what sort of a welcome can a numeral—a mere arithmetical abstraction—expect or receive ?

Goldsmith wrote his "Reverie" at the "Boar's Head"—Shakespeare's—in East Cheap ; and belonged to a "free and easy," which assembled at the "Globe," in Fleet Street. Sheridan fought a duel with a Captain Mathews, who had slandered his family, at the "Castle," in Henrietta Street. Charles Lamb patronised the "Four Swans," at Waltham Cross, and the "Bell," at Edmonton. Theodore Hook frequented, among other inns, the "Swan," at Thames Ditton, celebrating it in easy verse :

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords
As table e'er was put on ;
And worthier quite of loftier boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton.
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton,
Mine hostess, with her bright-blue eyes,
Invites to stay at Ditton.

But the "Swan" has much changed since the days of Hook, though not so much, perhaps, as Ditton itself. And, lastly, Charles Dickens has invested with enduring interest the "Leather Bottle," at Cobham, and the "Marquis of Granby"—"Old King's Head"—at Dorking.

But from these literary reminiscences I must pass to the more general associations which "do renown" the inns and taverns of England. What stories they could tell of the ill-starred loves of lords and ladies ; of abductions and escapes ; of duels and violent deaths ; of merry-makings and Arcadian revels ; the joys and sorrows, the lights and shades of life !

There is a complete abridgement or abstract of our English history in these "signs." The "Rose and Crown," with its monarchical traditions ; the "Goat and Compasses" (God encompasseth us) with its Puritan memories ; the "Admiral Keppel," the "Lord Nelson," the "Marquis of Granby," with their allusions to naval and military exploits. Historical events have been connected with them : as, for instance, with the "Blue Boar," at Leicester, where Richard the Third slept shortly before the fatal fight of Bosworth Field, lying upon his military chest, which was fashioned, it is said, "in the shape of a bedstead."

But of another "Blue Boar"—that in Holborn—a curious legend about Charles the First is related by Morrice, chaplain to Lord Orrery, in his memoirs of that nobleman. He professes to have had it from

his father, who had it, he says, from Cromwell himself. Cromwell and the principal officers of the army were negotiating terms of peace with King Charles, during his residence at Hampton Court, when they had reason to fear that the King was playing a double game. One of their spies informed them that they might learn the truth if they could intercept a letter that Charles had despatched to Henrietta Maria. The letter, he said, was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the "Blue Boar" inn, in Holborn, where he was to take horse in order to carry it to Dover.

Cromwell and Ireton accordingly set out from Windsor, accompanied by a trusty trooper, and rode hard and fast to Holborn. There they posted their man at the tavern gate, of which only the wicket was open, to give them notice when any person with a saddle arrived, while they, disguised as common soldiers, entered the inn, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking until about ten o'clock. Then the signal was given. Up sprang the Puritan leaders, strode to the gate, and as the man was leading forth his horse saddled, fell upon him with drawn swords, ripped open one of the skirts of the saddle, and found the King's letter, which, as was expected, revealed Charles's duplicity. "From that time forward they resolved his ruin."

When Charles the Second was escaping, after his defeat at Worcester, he made his way to the South of England, and passed through Arundel, which, at the time, was occupied by Parliamentary troops. The Royal fugitive slept that night at Hambleton, at the house of a Colonel Gunter's sister, and "by break of day," says the Colonel, "putting up two neats' tongues in my pockets, which I thought we might need by the way, we sett out and began our journey. We were no sooner come down by Arundell Hill—as we rode close by the castle—but the Governor, Captaine Morley, met us full butt, hunting. The Coll., the better to avoid them, presently alighted—it being a steep hill we were to go downe—and his company—as was agreed before—did as he did. And so, happily, we escaped them. The King, being told who it was, replied merrily, 'I did not like his starched mouchats.' So we came to Howton, where, on horseback, we made a stopp at an ale-house for some bread and

drinke; and there our neats' tongues stood in very good stead, and were heartily eaten."

One more anecdote.

On July the sixth, 1857, in the afternoon, a Mr. Turner, landlord of the "Fox and Crown," on Highgate Hill, was standing at his door to enjoy, perhaps, the summer air, when he saw a carriage and four come dashing down the steep decline of West Hill at a furious gallop. Just below was an awkward turn of the road, so that the situation was very dangerous. Turner, who recognised the Royal livery and saw the peril, sprang forward, caught the head of one of the leaders, and, help being immediately forthcoming, brought the carriage to a stand. It was then seen that its occupants were the Queen and her mother, the Duchess of Kent. For his promptitude and courage, Turner was rewarded with a handsome present and permission to place the Royal arms over his door.

It is sad to relate, however, that he died in poverty, though he better deserved a pension, one would think, than a good many whose names have been placed on the Pension List.

THE DAY OF WAILING.

THOUGH the low winds blow from the soft southwest,

Over the beautiful bay;
Though the seagulls hover, and swoop, and cry,
Where the shoal lies rank 'neath the quiet sky;
Though the crescent moon shows clear and pale,
With never a sign of a coming gale—
Launch not a boat to-day.

Though the women among their hungry bairns,
Look wistfully where they play;
Though stalwart and strong the fishermen wait,
With nets all fit for the precious freight,
Laid where the blue waves dimple and smile,
As they surge and swell round Saint Patrick's Isle—
Launch not a boat to-day.

It is fifty changing years ago,
Since, as our old men say,
The wild September tempest broke,
Where no lighthouse flare from the Headland spoke;
And the whole of the fishing fleet were lost:
Driven in heaps on the rocky coast—
Launch not a boat to-day.

Eighty and one brave barks went down
That noontide, in Douglas Bay;
Eighty and one, with their crews, drove in
Before the wild storm's thundering din,
Amid scud, and haze, and raging foam,
To die, close under the lights of home—
Launch not a boat to-day.

Not a cot in the length and breadth of Man,
 But felt Death's terrible sway ;
 From farm and hamlet, from thorp and town,
 From seaboard glen and from mountain crown,
 The cry went up for husband and son,
 Ere the black autumnal day was done—
 Launch not a boat to-day.

But, in memory of that hour of doom,
 Let the fisher his labour stay ;
 And, for sake of all who tremble and weep,
 When their men go out on the perilous deep,
 Seek His altar, who holds the sea and land
 In the hollow of His mighty hand,
 Upon Mona's "Wailing Day."

"PLANTING" IN LABRADOR.

I HAVE already related to the readers of this journal my experiences as a Lumberer in Canada,* but although, thanks to Jack Murray, I have done fairly well in the forests, my experiences of the industries of North America have not been confined there. In fact, one season, when the timber trade was shockingly bad, and the earnings of Jack and myself were reduced to what seemed a beggarly minimum, we thought we would have a look around at something else. So, after we had got our lumber all handed over to the "drivers," we started down stream for Ottawa, and, after drawing the remainder of our pay, made for Quebec, en route for Newfoundland.

I have nothing to say about the voyage, or anything of the sort, as my object in this paper is to give some account of the method of working a great industry, of which I find most people at home are supremely ignorant—I mean the great fishing industry of the isle of fogs, dogs, and cods, as Newfoundland is jocosely called in the Dominion.

Of course, Newfoundland is not a member of the Confederation of Canada, but has always jealously held aloof—on a sort of exalted feeling and fancy, that, as the oldest existing colony of the British Crown, it ought to preserve its identity clear and distinct. There is something in this feeling, no doubt, even although Newfoundland was not discovered by an Englishman, but by Sebastian Cabot. Still it has been a recognised British Colony since 1713, and has had a British Governor since 1728. Our connection, however, is really much older, for in the sixteenth century, Sir Humphrey Gilbert

sailed over to the island—even then a great fishing centre—and formally took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. After that, Sir Humphrey went in search of Sable Island, of which he was told by the Portuguese, and sailed thither to perpetrate the first wreck in that "Graveyard of the Atlantic," as already related in this journal.†

Sir Humphrey was followed by Sir Francis Drake. Then, in 1623, a colony was founded by Lord Baltimore, and two years later, another by Lord Falkland ; so that, in spite of the later squabbles for possession between England and France, the Newfoundlanders are really entitled to consider their island the oldest colony of the British Empire. And it is now the only part of British North America which is not incorporated in the Dominion of Canada.

The Colony of Newfoundland, however, includes the Province of Labrador, on the mainland, from which it is separated by the Straits of Belle Isle. As we are going to deal with this part of the world, it may as well be understood that what is generally known as the Labrador coast of Newfoundland, extends from Blanc Sablin to Cape Chudleigh, and that it has a resident population of about four thousand persons, engaged solely and continuously in the herring, cod, and salmon fisheries. Inland, however, there are plenty of animals hunted for their skins—such as the bear, wolf, beaver, otter, minx, fox, etc.—and the furs of Labrador are considered the finest in North America. Inland, too, there is some wonderful scenery, including a fall on the Grand River, said to be two thousand feet high.

I did not get so far as Grand Falls, so had no opportunity of seeing the spirits which haunt them. The Indians say that no man can look upon these spirits and live ; yet there was an old Hudson's Bay trapper who said he had seen them, and who certainly lived for many years afterwards. Indeed, he may be alive yet, for I never heard of his death. Taken altogether, however, I was not impressed with Labrador as a place of residence. The climate is a terribly severe one, and the coast and country are bleak, barren, wild, and inhospitable.

Although Newfoundland is not a member of the Dominion, and once upon a time

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, Third Series, Vol. iv., Part 19, "Lumbering in Canada."

† ALL THE YEAR ROUND, Third Series, Vol. iii., Part 17, May 31, 1890.

rather looked down upon Canadians, who, in their turn, sneered at Newfoundland as a one-horse sort of a place, yet there is a very large trade done between Canada and the Island. Indeed, I find that in 1886, out of two thousand two hundred and ninety-eight vessels, carrying two hundred and seventy-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-six tons of cargo, arrived at and cleared from Newfoundland ports, no less than one thousand two hundred and eighty-five vessels, and one hundred and thirty-four thousand four hundred and twenty tons, were from and to Canada. Thus we had no difficulty in getting to the island—which lies right across the mouth of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence—armed with introductions to a fellow Scot, who was thought likely to be able to put us on the right track. It certainly was not his fault that our experiences were disappointing, and that we threw up fishing as not good enough, and went back to lumbering.

Without dwelling further upon my personal adventures, I propose now to tell something of what I learned, by observation and experience, of the great North American fisheries.

There are three of them belonging to Newfoundland—the shore, the bank, and the Labrador fisheries. The shore and the bank fisheries both begin in May, and we arrived just in the thick of them.

For the shore fishery, small boats only are used, which can work easily in and out of the harbours and creeks along the coast. It is conducted chiefly by lines and hooks; but some of the fishermen who can afford it use both seines and cod-traps as well. The shore fishery, however, is not so important as it was, and we heard many laments from individual fishermen of its decline in comparison with the deep sea, or bank fishing. Yet it is asserted, and my experience confirms it, that the shore fishery yields by far the best quality of fish—due, I suppose, to the better feeding along the coasts. But the supply is not as abundant as it once was. We found the shore fishers at work as far as three miles from the land, and we heard from some of the old hands that formerly they rarely needed to go more than half a mile out.

The bank fishing is the most important, and, in some respects, the most interesting, of the Newfoundland industries.

Unlike the shore fishing, the bank fishing is conducted in large sea-going craft—fore-and-aft rigged schooners of fifty or sixty

tons, and carrying ten or a dozen men. These men are all partners in the venture, in this sense—that they ship on what is called the share system, by which half the catch falls to the crew and is divided among them, the other half going to the merchant or owner, who provides vessel, tackle, boats, etc., and provisions the whole company.

Every schoolboy, of course, knows where the Banks of Newfoundland are, and some account of the ocean currents was given in the recent article about Sable Island. The ice-laden current from the Arctic, which sweeps down the coasts of Labrador, brings with it masses of ice, in which are embedded sand, gravel, and other heavy material. As the cold waters of this current mingle with the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, the ice is melted, and the imprisoned matter is released and precipitated to the bottom. This is how the submarine Banks of Newfoundland are formed, and they, again, by reducing the sea-depth, enormous as it still is, have caused diversions in the currents. Then the cause of the fogs, which are so prevalent on the Banks, and for which, indeed, they are notorious, is the meeting of the warm, moist air above the Gulf Stream with the cold air above the Polar Stream.

I should mention that a very fruitful cause of wrecks on the Newfoundland coast is what is known as the "indraught current." This is due to a splitting of the Polar current as it strikes the Gulf Stream. A branch is sent off, which sweeps at a great rate to the westward, and, tearing round Cape Race, comes back to the main current again. This deflected portion is locally known as the "indraught"; and, as its rapidity seems to be variable, it often drives vessels fifty or a hundred miles out of their longitude before they are aware of it. Local navigators, of course, know better how to watch and allow for its force, but strange mariners are often deceived, in moderate weather, by its vagaries. The Marine Superintendent of the Colony says that most of the wrecks are due to errors in longitude, which are believed to result from the action of this notorious "indraught" current.

These banks, then, formed in the manner I have explained, afford the finest sea-fishing grounds in the world, in which some thirty thousand Newfoundlanders alone are annually occupied.

The schooners which go to the bank fishing are furnished with what is called

the "bultow." This is a very long line, weighted with sinkers, and baited with some three or four hundred hooks. One end of this line is fastened to a buoy, and a boat's crew from the schooner pay out the line as they row to a second buoy, to which the other end is attached. Several bultows are set at one time, and, after a few hours, they are all hauled in, the fish taken off the hooks, the hooks re-baited, and the bultows set again.

Sometimes, when the fish are not taking well, a couple of men will be sent off in one of the boats, or dories, with hook and line, to search for a good fishing-ground. This is rather a risky job, for the fogs come on very suddenly, and it is no uncommon thing for a dory to be lost for several days, with her crew in the last stages of hunger and exhaustion. Some terrible stories of lost dories are told round the galley fire on the Banks of Newfoundland; and there are none too terrible for credence by those who have had opportunity of observing the ways of Nature and man in that region.

Well, suppose the bultows are successful, each will yield two or three hundred fish at each haul. When a dory is full enough, she runs alongside the schooner again and delivers her load, and the men left on board immediately begin to split, clean, and salt the cod. So the work goes on until the bait is exhausted, when a run is made into harbour for more, and to land a catch. If this runs up to two thousand quintals, it is considered a good haul.

Of course, I enquired very particularly into the pecuniary aspects of the business, and I found that the men regarded forty pounds as a good summer's work, although they may more often net from thirty pounds to thirty-five pounds. Out of this they have to pay for their outfit, so that the occupation is not very tempting from a pecuniary point of view, and it is the reverse of attractive from any other point of view. The work in the dories is rough, coarse, and cold, while the work on the schooner—splitting, cleaning, etc.—is more like that of a shambles. I cannot advise any one with sensitive stomach, or refined nerves, to try the Newfoundland cod-fishing.

My own taste was more than enough, and Jack Murray and I then determined to go and see what Labrador fishing is like.

This begins early in June; and in the

first and second weeks of that month, almost the whole of the population on the north coast of the island deport themselves, bag and baggage, men, women, and children, to the bleak shores of Labrador. For it is the custom for a Labrador fisherman to shut up his Newfoundland house for the summer, and to take all his family and belongings with him. He is a "planter," however, according to the local nomenclature, not a fisher.

The work is done both on the share system and on the wages system. Thus, a planter who can get a crew to work with him, or under him, goes to a merchant for supplies, which are furnished on credit, and proportioned to the numbers of the crew, the location selected for operations, etc. Such a crew may consist of three men working in shares, a man and boy "shipped," as it is called, or on regular wages, and a couple of girls. The "shipped" men receive from twenty pounds to twenty-five pounds for the summer, and the women from eight pounds to fifteen pounds, according to their skill and the nature of their occupation, which may either be cooking, heading, splitting, or salting; the splitters earn the best pay, and a smart woman at this job may make as much as twenty-five pounds in the short season. Men also are engaged at this work, and often earn up to thirty pounds or more.

After the "planter" has got his crew and supplies arranged, he looks out for a vessel to take them all over to Labrador. This is always forthcoming, and each vessel will take several planters' crews down at once.

The merchant who provides the supplies usually advances, or guarantees, the passage-money, and is also responsible for the wages of the paid members of the crew, who are "shipped" in his office. Each planter must attend to the outfit of himself and family, and must maintain the crew in food. Of course, if there is a bad season, the share men may get nothing, but the "shipped" men get their wages just as if there had been a full catch, even if the planter has to become heavily indebted to the merchant for the advances.

Then the passage-money arrangement is a curious one. Although the merchants, as I have explained, either advance it, or become responsible for it, it is not a fixed sum, but usually a levy of twenty-five cents on every quintal of fish caught by the crew.

Arrived in Labrador, the planters first of all build a dwelling-house, then a stage,

a "flake," and a house for the coming operations. After landing the planters and their crews, the ships go on northward to the sea-fishing, and pick up the crews as they return later. The planters fish with small boats, much after the fashion I have described on the Banks; but in Labrador, of course, the catch is landed, instead of being put on board a schooner.

After being landed, the fish are handed over to the women and skilled splitters. They are split, gutted, salted, and piled in layers, with the backs downwards. They lie thus for two or three months, are then washed, and put out to dry on the "flakes," which are rough platforms, made of the trunks and branches of young trees. Every evening they are taken off the "flaker," and packed in small piles called fagots, with the backs uppermost this time, and every morning they are spread out again to dry.

When fit for shipment, they are put on board the vessels which bring salt to the Labrador coast, and the principal market for this dried fish is in Brazil, where is a large Catholic population. The merchants who make the advances to the planters usually have an agent on the coast who gives receipts for all the fish shipped, and these receipts are like so many vouchers of payment when the planter and merchant come to settle up at the end of the season.

In August and September the herring-fishery off Labrador is most active, and the Labrador herrings are considered by some people to be even superior to the famous Loch Fyne. It is all a matter of fancy, I think; but some people say it is a matter of feeding.

The herring, I should mention, is largely used for bait in the Newfoundland fisheries, for the herring is obtained off the coasts of the island all the season through. For cod-fishing, the smelt and quid are also used as bait—especially the smelt, here called the capelin, which come in enormous shoals and are literally ladled out of the water with seines and dip-nets.

The Labrador dried fish goes to South America, but the dried fish of the shore and bank fisheries goes mostly to the Mediterranean. And this is where the Newfoundlanders are at a disadvantage; for the French, who have by treaty certain fishing rights on one shore of Newfoundland, receive a bounty from their Government of so much per quintal on all the fish they ship to Europe. By means of this bounty they are enabled to undersell the Colonial

fishermen in Europe, and still have a good profit. It is not a fair system; but the excuse given is that the French Government wish to keep up the Newfoundland fishery as a sort of training-school and reserve for their own Navy.

The cod-fishing lasts from June to December on the Banks, and the average catch is about one million five hundred thousand quintals. The average catch of herrings is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand barrels, and there is an enormous take of salmon as well. The lobster-fishing, concerning which the dispute has arisen, or rather has been renewed, with the French fishermen, is a new developement since I was there, and, of course, is carried on along the shores only.

The seal-fishing occupies about three months, and usually yields about half a million seals—of the hairy kind; not the fur-seal, which is caught off the Alaska coast, and which furnishes the seal-skin of the "modiste." But the story of the seal-fishing is too long to tell in this article.

There are upwards of two thousand vessels on the shipping registers of the colony, and the most of these are fishing vessels. I suppose about one hundred new ones are built every year to replace those which are wrecked or worn out. Then there are great numbers of persons employed in the making of barrels and tackle, in the trans-shipping trade, and so forth; so that, practically, the population of Newfoundland, which amount to over one hundred and ninety-three thousand, are dependent on the fisheries.

They have been so busily occupied with them, that they have not had much time to attend to anything else; and very few of them know anything of the interior of their own island. I only saw a little of it, but enough to convince me that the mineral resources are practically untested. Copper, of course, is mined to some extent; but I heard much of iron-ore, nickel, coal, lead, sulphur, and gypsum, with which a good deal more might be done, if the reports of the prospectors are correct. A company has been formed since I was there for working silver and lead mines round Placentia Bay.

Then there are plenty of fur-bearing animals in Newfoundland—bear, wolf, fox, beaver, etc.—the furs of which are of excellent quality. Game, too, is abundant, and worthy of more attention from home and Canadian sportsmen than it has

received. Farming is carried on to a considerable extent for domestic consumption, and the cereal crops are good and abundant, while there is a fine growth of fruit-berries, and a fair product of apples and plums. The soil in parts seemed to me peculiarly rich, and yet there are only some fifty thousand acres or so under cultivation.

As to Labrador, I would not like to condemn my worst enemy to live there permanently; and yet, for one able and willing to rough it, there is plenty of enjoyment in new experiences to be gained by spending a season among the "planters." Of course, the planters and their crews have no time, or thoughts, or speech for anything but fish; yet a visitor may find plenty of sport to vary the monotony of the prevailing topic. It was too monotonous for our taste, and Jack Murray and I left after a couple of months' experience of it all round, and returned to Canada in time to join the Lumberers' camp before winter. And we have preferred to stick to lumbering ever since.

Labrador is not exactly a place where you would look for love-romances, and yet there is a tragic love tale about the coast. It seems that once upon a time there lived in one of the secluded bays, a Roman Catholic lady, with two beautiful daughters, although where they came from, and why they settled in this desolate, solitary region, I know not.

To the coast every year came a gallant young American—the handsome skipper of a trading and fish-carrying schooner. He made the acquaintance of the ladies, and fell in love with the younger one, who agreed to go back with him on his next voyage, and be married. But the elder sister fell in love with the skipper, and determined to have him for herself. So she combined with her mother to get the girl out of the way, and went herself, carefully veiled, to the boat which was waiting to convey the bride to the schooner. She was taken on board, sail was set, and it was not until next morning that the lover found he had been tricked. He returned as quickly as possible to the coast; but some time had elapsed, and when he arrived, his beloved was dead of a broken heart.

This is the story, which has been invested with a halo of mystery. It is said, for instance, that, when he discovered his loss, the skipper went mad with grief, and that, boarding his vessel again, he drove her far to the north, and has never been heard

of since. Another account says that the schooner never returned home, because she is still ploughing the deep as a spectre-ship. Whittier has thrown this version of the story into a poem, which ends:

But even yet, at Seven Isle Bay,
Is told the ghastly tale,
Of a weird, unspoken sail:
She flits before no earthly blast,
With the red sign fluttering from her mast—
The ghost of the schooner "Breeze."

The tale may be a true one, but I cannot say I came across any damsels on Labrador likely to occasion a tragedy of the sort.

AN INCORRIGIBLE JOKER.

"If," said Boswell to Dr. Johnson, "Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room, you would respect Betterton much more than Foote."

"Sir," replied Johnson, "if Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, sir, quatenus Foote, has powers superior to them all."

The truth is that Foote was admittedly the greatest humorist of his time—a time when every man of parts was more or less a wit. Numbers of the puns, bon mots, and playful sallies fathered upon Sydney Smith, Sheridan, Theodore Hook, and others, were, in reality, produced by Foote.

A few of his unconsidered trifles are sufficient to set up an ordinary humorist in the comic business; but, such is the ingratitude of mankind, that the source of our best jokes is often unacknowledged, even if known.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro, in the year 1720. His father, John Foote, was a county magistrate, and came of a good Cornish family. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, a wealthy gentleman of Herefordshire, and brought a large fortune to her husband. Sam's love of fun began in the cradle and ended only in the grave. At an early age he was sent to a public school in Worcester, where he distinguished himself by his tricks. The master occasionally indulged in an afternoon nap. Sam would ornament the teacher's face with original designs in ink, and then enjoy the worthy man's confusion at the unaccountable merriment of the pupils. When only eleven years old, our precocious boy imitated the justices of the

quorum so successfully as to "set the table on a roar."

From school, he proceeded to Worcester College, Oxford, where his family, his fortune, and his facetious disposition gave him a certain distinction. Here he devoted more time to the gaieties of life than to the acquisition of learning, though his subsequent writings show that he must have read a good deal and reflected on what he read. However, he began his jokes even as a Freshman. The College Church stood in a green lane leading into the fields. The porch, with the belfry overhead, opened on this lane, and the bell-rope hung dangling down close to the ground. Foote noticed cattle passing along the lane to grass, and speedily devised an ingenious trick. Late in the evening he tied a wisp of hay to the bell-rope, and awaited results. A cow, passing in the dark, smelt the hay, seized it, and tugged at the rope, thereby causing the bell to ring violently, to the no small terror and alarm of the neighbourhood. The frightened rustics declared there must be some supernatural agency at work. The mysterious ringing went on for several nights, until at last, for the credit of the College, the Provost determined to investigate the mystery. Accordingly, he and the beadle hid in the porch one night. When the ringing began, they rushed out and laid hold of the ringer. The frightened animal, however, kicked them both over and fled; and the story getting wind, caused a good laugh at the expense of the valiant Provost.

Foote left Oxford at the age of twenty-two. London was then the resort of all young gentlemen who had a fortune to spend or a fortune to make. He had one to spend, and he spent it right royally. He was intended for the law, and accordingly took chambers as a student in the Inner Temple. But the law had no attractions for him. He became a man of fashion, set up a dashing carriage, and spent his money on all kinds of extravagant frivolities. In the flush of youth, wit, and fortune, he appeared in the London coffee-houses, "dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bagwig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles." For a while he was the rage; but between gambling and dissipation his fortune soon melted away, and in less than three years he was almost penniless!

Foote had now reached a turning-point in his career. He must get money somehow. Many of his friends were con-

nected with the stage, which seemed to offer an opening to a gentleman with talents and address. He joined Macklin in the Haymarket. Theatrical amateurs invariably select leading tragic rôles when they get the chance. Foote was no exception. His first appearance was as Othello, and, like most first appearances, it was a failure. Next he tried Lord Foppington, and subsequently Pierre in "Venice Preserved," but his performances were not considered satisfactory.

Finding that his attempts at tragedy were laughed at by the pit, Foote turned his attention to comedy, in order to make the public laugh to better purpose. The next winter he appeared as Bayes, Fondlewife, Sir Paul Pilant, and similar characters, attaining a fair degree of success. Then he hit upon the plan of appearing in the double character of author and performer. The idea was considered perfectly novel, Shakespeare's example being apparently forgotten. In 1747 Foote came out with a new piece of his own, in which he mimicked a number of well-known people about town, their persons, their peculiarities, their gestures, and even their very tones; and he also burlesqued the manner of the principal actors in London. The play was a great success. Personalities usually hit the taste of a large section of the public. But those whose foibles were ridiculed did not like it so well. They complained to the magistrates; and the magistrates, under an old Act, suppressed the performance by causing a posse of constables to turn the actors off the stage. Foote, however, was equal to this emergency. Instead of advertising the "Diversions of the Morning" as usual, he sent round this card of invitation:

"Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the public, and hopes for the honour of their drinking tea with him at the little Theatre in the Haymarket every morning, at playhouse prices."

This ruse was successful. His patrons came in crowds and were delighted, for the play was put on the boards to amuse them while they drank their tea.

Next spring he produced a similar piece, called the "Auction of Pictures," introducing the foibles and follies of several new characters.

About this time a friend died, and left our author a large fortune, being the third he had inherited while still under thirty years of age. But though blessed with riches, he was not blessed with wisdom.

Again he set up a fine carriage, became a gentleman of fashion, and flew about the town in search of fresh dissipation. Not satisfied with the pleasures which London afforded, he set off for that gayest of capitals, Paris. All sorts of stories were current during his absence. He was ill of a fever, he was drowned, he had broken his neck, he had been killed in a duel, he was hanged. The wish, no doubt, was father to the thought. But he disappointed his enemies by returning, in 1752, with a comedy called "Taste," in which he held up to contempt the craze of the virtuosi for antiquities, true or false. Though there was much excellent satire in the comedy, it was rather coldly received. The public of that day relished the ridicule of individuals better than the more diluted ridicule of classes.

To Foote's next play, "The Englishman in Paris," Garrick wrote a prologue. Tate Wilkinson says he is not sure whether Garrick hated or feared Foote most. At all events, if anything could have ruined the "Englishman," it was Garrick's wretched prologue.

During the next few years Foote was constantly getting into hot water with all sorts and conditions of men. He quarrelled with Macklin, and they bespattered each other plentifully with coarse abuse. He stole a plot from Murphy, and anticipated his dear friend by bringing it on the stage with amazing despatch. We next find him restrained by the Lord Chamberlain from continuing a play wherein he mimicked a gentleman named Aprice, whose Welsh blood boiled at the affront.

In 1758, and frequently afterwards, Foote visited Dublin, where he was received with great cordiality. He was, indeed, the very man for the "Collagians" and "gods" of the uproariously festive Irish capital. On seeing the wretched apparel of the Irish peasantry, he observed that he "never knew before what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes."

He considered the Irish the wittiest people in the world, and related several instances of their powers of repartee. This is a good specimen: The Irish Lord Chief Justice (Clayton), who was an Englishman, one day observed to Counsellor Harwood that in England one law was "a key to the others; whereas here they clash so often, really, at times, I don't clearly understand them."

"Very true indeed, my lord," returned

the Counsellor, with a faint twinkle in his eye; "that's what we all say."

In 1759 Foote visited Scotland, and thought travelling in the north very irksome. But he found quite a crowd of admirers in Edinburgh, and, what pleased him as well, the results in cash were satisfactory.

About this time he wrote some of his best plays, including the "Minor," and the "Liar." In 1762 he produced the "Orators," which caused a great commotion. The comedy was full of brilliant sarcasm upon the prevailing passion for oratory, and the belief in the celebrated Cock Lane ghost. This ghost was known to be a favourite with Dr. Johnson, and Foote originally intended to bring the Doctor on the stage. Johnson would have made an excellent subject; but, hearing of Foote's intention, he took prompt measures to prevent the affront.

"What is the price of a common oak stick?" said Ursa Major.

"Sixpence," returned Tom Davies.

"Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant for a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told that Foote means to 'take me off,' as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity."

Foote knew the Doctor meant what he said, so he let him alone, and fixed instead on George Faulkner, printer of the "Dublin Journal"—a decent, quiet man, whose only fault seems to have been that he was minus a leg. Curiously enough, Faulkner actually printed and published the play in which he was caricatured. But the introduction of Faulkner involved the author in a long and costly libel suit; and, by a sort of poetic justice, four years afterwards Foote lost one of his own legs.

Foote was now at the zenith of his fortunes. His witty and popular farces were bringing him both money and fame. He was a welcome guest in the most fashionable society, where his abundant and unfailing humour was appreciated by the wits, the beauties, and the aristocrats of the day. But in 1766 a great misfortune befell him. He was visiting at Lord Mexborough's, when some young bloods, in a frolic, challenged him to ride a very spirited horse. Foote's vanity was always taking the alarm. He said he could ride as well as any country squire of them all; and he proceeded to prove his words by mounting the animal, which, in its turn, proceeded to prove him wrong by

throwing him over its head. His leg was broken, and amputation was pronounced necessary. To his credit he bore the operation with fortitude. While he was still suffering, a noble friend came to condole with him. His lordship was considered a little foolish, and Foote could not, even in his pain, refrain from a joke at the visitor's expense.

"Pray, my lord," he said, "do not allude to my weak point—I have not alluded to yours," and he pointed meaningly at the other's head.

The loss of his leg, however, did not inconvenience our author as much as might have been expected. With the aid of a cork substitute he was able to act almost as well as ever; and His Royal Highness the Duke of York, touched by his misfortune, gave him the patent of a theatre in Westminster.

His next important play was "The Devil upon Two Sticks," in which he fell upon the quack doctors and medical impostors, who at that time crowded the towns and victimised all classes of society. By this comedy he cleared over three thousand pounds; but lost nearly the whole of the money in a few nights at the Bath gambling tables.

In 1772 appeared the "Nabob," wherein he handled severely the foibles and vices of the wealthy East Indian merchants. Several of them were so deeply affronted that they determined to inflict physical chastisement upon the author. Accordingly they procured good thick sticks, and waited on Mr. Foote at his residence. Mr. Foote was totally unprepared for such a demonstration, but his ready wit never deserted him. He received them with great cordiality while they angrily explained their business. He assured them they were entirely mistaken. He had never intended to ridicule respectable men like them, but merely the black sheep of the class. To prove his words, he begged them to allow him to read the play. This he did with such insinuating humour that their resentment was completely disarmed; whereupon he invited them to dinner. They left, voting him one of the best fellows in town; and they attended his theatre in a body during the run of the "Nabob" as a testimony of their regard.

In Foote's last play, "The Trip to Calais," he struck at high game, deeply offending the notorious Duchess of Kingston. She struck hard in return. The

Lord Chamberlain refused to license the play.

Foote's private character was constantly stabbed in a paper edited by a creature of the Duchess. There was a great coalition of his enemies. He was charged with a crime so odious that he at once demanded to be brought to trial. He was tried before Lord Mansfield, and honourably acquitted. But he had been wounded sore. The pain and distress of mind through which he had passed, shook his constitution to its foundations; and he never was his old self again. He sold the patent of his theatre to George Colman for an annuity of one thousand six hundred pounds, and retired from the stage shortly afterwards. Prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, he sought relief in Brighton. Here his maladies became more severe, and he was advised to try the South of France. Owing to the rough weather, he was detained a day at Dover. While there, he entered the kitchen of the inn, and began to converse with the cook. That worthy declared she detested foreign parts, and would on no account leave her own country.

"Why, then, cooky," said he, "that's strange; for they tell me upstairs you have been several times all over Greece (grease)."

This was his last joke. He died at Dover the next day, the twenty-first of October, 1777. His remains were laid to rest by torchlight, in Westminster Abbey, among England's noblest dust. And one who was present at the ceremony says it was an impressive and a mournful sight as, amid the glare of the torches, the grave closed over Samuel Foote for ever.

In person, Foote was short, fat, and flabby. The unmeaning expression of his broad, fleshy face was relieved by the archness of his eye. Early in life he married a gentlewoman of Worcester, whose intellect was not very robust. Foote ridiculed her, as he ridiculed everybody else, and possibly might have beaten her—the age of chivalry was gone—but, as his biographer naively remarks, "she died in good time." Nevertheless, he was liberal and kind to relatives and dependents. He gave his brother an allowance of sixty pounds per annum, and supported his mother for many years. From his mother, indeed, he seems to have inherited not only his personal appearance, but also his vivacity of mind. The following brief correspondence illustrates the likeness:

"DEAR SAM,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,

"E. FOOTE."

He replied:

"DEAR MOTHER,—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

"SAM FOOTE."

One who had often heard him says that Foote's conversation was "rapid, lucent, and exuberant; and his images of ridicule and portraits of character were so strong, novel, and whimsical, that he carried the imagination of his hearers insensibly along with him."

Said Dr. Johnson:

"His happiness of manner in relation is such as subdues ignorance and rouses stupidity."

Foote's wit was always ready, and often biting. A vain youth asked him what apology he should make for not being at a party to which he was asked.

"Oh, my dear sir, say nothing about it," was the answer, "you were never missed."

Of an actress who was remarkably awkward with her arms, Foote observed: "She keeps the Graces at arm's length."

One day he was standing in White's waiting for a friend. He looked somewhat disconcerted, and Lord Carmarthen, for the purpose of putting him more at his ease, went up to him with the remark:

"Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket."

Foote pushed the handkerchief back into his pocket, and, looking suspiciously round the room, immediately replied: "Thank you, my lord, thank you. You know the company better than I do."

A pompous man, who had made a large fortune in building, was discoursing on the mutability of the world.

"Can you account for it, sir?" he said, turning to Foote.

"Why, not very clearly," replied the actor; "unless we could suppose the world was made by contract."

A well-beneficed old parson was one day very garrulous at dinner about his livings, the glebe of which, he said, he kept entirely to himself. Foote, observing his reverence stretch across the table a pair of dirty brown hands, cried: "Well, Doctor, for my part I now see that you do keep your glebe in your own hands!"

Much of his humour had a certain depth which indicated the acute observer of men and manners. A lady observed of a female of their acquaintance, who had been raised

from a very humble situation: "How much better she looks now than she did a dozen years ago."

"Very true," said Foote; "but consider the 'education of her face' since that time."

An old man having married a young woman, a lady remarked: "Perhaps he was in love, and then he was more to be pitied than blamed."

"True, indeed, madam," returned Foote; "for love is like the small-pox: the later in life we catch it, the worse it generally turns out."

"Pray, Mr. Foote," said a lady, "what sort of a man is Sir John D——?"

"Oh, a very good sort of man," was the reply.

"But what do you call a good sort of man?"

"Why, madam, one who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance!"

After all, however, as Dr. Johnson said, Foote was "mighty coarse." He could reproduce the peculiarities of individuals with irresistible humour; but his mimicry lacked that delicate discrimination which was the charm of Garrick's acting. Foote's plays deal more with the excrescences of humanity than with its abiding principles, and so in spite of their wit they are falling into oblivion; yet his jokes have become, and will remain, the common property of thousands who know not their original author.

HIS LITTLE MAID.

By H. FELL.

Author of "*Within a Year*," "*An Alpine Bride*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX. NOT COUNTING THE COST.

IN the same old dining-room at the Dower House, where, so many years ago, Maynard Breton had told his wife in broken tones of the loss of their little daughter, he now opened Delornay's long telegram, and read, with widely different emotions, the tale of her recovery. Her loss had been a most bitter, hopeless sorrow, and it had so affected both husband and wife, that the news that their child was, so to speak, risen to them from the dead, did not fill them with a correspondingly pure and unalloyed gladness. Delornay had not attempted to conceal the fact that

Olive had been brought up by "common country people," and to look forward to meeting with an ill-bred, illiterate young woman who claimed all the rights of a daughter, was a rude shock to feelings so ultra-refined as those of Mr. and Mrs. Breton. Nevertheless, they had not lost all love for their first-born, and the possibility of actually seeing her that very same day threw Mrs. Breton into such a state of nervous prostration, that it was out of the question for her to undertake the long journey.

Accordingly, her husband started alone, and, all day long, she lay upon the sofa in a dreamy contemplation of the sudden changes which had come upon them. How vividly now she recollected every incident connected with the loss of the child, relating them to Noel as he sat by her side. The young fellow was more indifferent than he should have been about the whole matter; but he had never been taught to indulge in any healthy, natural feelings, and the knowledge that his sister was living only aroused a languid curiosity to see what she was like.

"We must not judge her quite by our standard," said Mrs. Breton, anxious, as his parents had ever been, to shield him from a knowledge of the realities of life; "she has not been brought up as you have been, and we must make allowances for any—any defects we may notice."

"Defects" in Olive! It sounds strange to write such words, though undoubtedly there were many points in the girl which might jar upon Mrs. Breton and her son.

Meanwhile the hour approached when Breton, who had telegraphed that he was coming down alone, would arrive at Bude. Delornay had engaged rooms for him at the inn there, and had ordered a cosy dinner for two, it being part of his plan that the father and daughter should dine alone together this first night. When Olive was informed of this, and that her mother was not coming, her last atom of courage vanished, and she begged piteously that Bevan might be present during her interview with her father. But Delornay, though touched, and even fascinated, by her entreaties, was firm, and, when Bevan, in her hearing, agreed that the plan was a wise one, she gave in, only extracting from Bevan a faithful promise that he would come and fetch her at ten o'clock, and take her back to the cottage.

The Misses Stiles had been thrown into

a state of the greatest excitement by the events of the last two days.

"To think that their child, their little Olive, should turn out a lady born, after all!" Such glory, reflected though it was, had never fallen to their lot before, and, on the strength of it, they dressed themselves up, early in the afternoon, in their Sunday clothes, and sat in the front parlour in a tip-top state of excitement, drinking tea out of their very best china cups, and treating themselves generally with the greatest respect and consideration. Even Olive, notwithstanding her nervousness and dismay, was enough of a true woman to devote every attention to her personal appearance on this eventful day. She overhauled her small wardrobe, and invited the opinion of the Misses Stiles as to whether her best black dress, which she had had when poor Spence died, or her best coloured one, made the autumn before, would be the most suitable for her to wear. With consideration worthy of better breeding, the old ladies, having regard to Mr. Breton's feelings if he met his daughter in mourning for another father, decided on the coloured frock, though the black one was far more becoming, and, if Olive had been able to understand her parent's slavery to the merest detail of outward appearances, she would undoubtedly have worn it.

After all, it did not so very much matter what a girl like Olive put on, for nothing could take away from the peerless beauty of her face, or the lithe elegance of her tall figure.

Certainly Bevan was of this opinion, as, having seen Mr. Breton's carriage draw up at the inn door, where Delornay met its occupant with the little convincing brown cloak, he went to fetch Olive from the cottage, and walk down with her to the inn.

They neither of them spoke. Olive slipped her hand into his, and Bevan felt it tremble as he held it—an evidence of extreme agitation in a girl like Olive, who had no nerves about her.

At the door of the inn she suddenly stopped.

"Jack, take me back again—he will not love me, and I cannot see him—take me back again. I want no great change like this in my life!"

But Delornay, hearing the sound of her voice, came out to meet her, and retreat was impossible now. She turned very white as she dropped the true and faithful

hand which had befriended her for so long, and then, drawing a very deep breath, she slowly and steadily followed Delornay up the stairs. He opened the door of Breton's sitting-room, and stood back himself whilst she passed in; then he closed it again, and the father and daughter were alone together.

Olive looked up at the tall, loosely built gentleman before her, and did not feel encouraged. But Maynard Breton looked up also, and although he was painfully conscious, even at the first glance, of her badly made clothes, he was too true an artist not to be thrilled by her beauty. He came towards her, and bending over her, kissed her brow; then, taking her hand within his own—how different was the touch of his thin, smooth hand to any she had known before!—he led her to the sofa, where they sat down together, saying, in his usual soft, slow, caressing way, which was half affectation, half laziness:

"My daughter—my dear daughter, Olive!" She accepted his parentage by laying her head upon his shoulder, and a wave of something like fondness for this new father came over her, and lightened some of her heart's heaviness.

But, conversationally, they had little in common. Mr. Breton shrank from asking his daughter of her past life, lest the mention of it should destroy the satisfaction he felt in her personal appearance, and Olive feared him too much to volunteer remarks of any sort on her own account. The evening dragged along slowly, and Mr. Breton was almost as glad as his daughter when the inn servant knocked at the door, and said that "Some one had come for the young lady."

"That is Jack Bevan; show him in!" said Olive, instantly asserting herself now that her lover was in question.

Mr. Breton was only half pleased at this piece of independence, and, when Bevan stood hesitating at the open door, it was in a tone of anything but cordiality that he said:

"Yes, come in, my good fellow; we all owe you many a debt of gratitude for having befriended my daughter so truly."

"No, sir, you don't, if you'll excuse me for saying so; for if I have been able to help Olive at all, it is she herself who has repaid me."

"Well, well, we'll see about that some other time," said Mr. Breton, the colour rising in his pale cheeks at hearing the

coastguard call his daughter by her Christian name. "Olive, my child," he continued, "you will have to say good-bye to our good friend here to-night, for we shall start early to-morrow morning for London."

"Am I to go to London with you to-morrow?" Olive asked, slowly. She had all along dreaded this possibility; but the sudden mention of it as an immediate fact was very hard to bear.

"Yes, of course," Mr. Breton spoke with petulance.

"And to stay for how long?" she asked.

"How long?" and Mr. Breton laughed, but not pleasantly. "Come, come, we will settle that another time; you have providentially been restored to your parents, and you belong to them now you know! You must give my compliments to those good Misses Stiles, and tell them that, though I cannot have the pleasure of making their acquaintance this time, I shall hope to do so some day. As for the rest, Delornay will see them, and settle all accounts with them. But I am keeping you standing all this while! Good-night, my child."

This time Mr. Breton kissed her full lips, a mark of great goodwill. Then he shook hands gingerly with Bevan, and stood on the doorstep watching the two disappear in the darkness. As soon as they were out of sight he wished he had escorted his daughter himself, instead of leaving her under the care of the coastguard; but he was by nature so lazy, and by habit so unaccustomed to making the slightest self-sacrifice, that the idea of walking out on a cold winter's night for any purpose whatsoever, had not presented itself to him until it was too late. He shrugged his shoulders, and returned to the sitting-room, where he was immediately joined by Maurice Delornay.

The two men lighted their cigarettes, and sat down on either side of the fire. At last Delornay broke the long silence by the monosyllable:

"Well?"

And, after another long pause, Mr. Breton answered:

"There is good material, as you said. She is one of the best-looking girls I have ever seen. Altogether, I am encouraged. We shall make her presentable. My only fear is that she will prove a bit stubborn."

"You mean as to her friends here. You must not confound loyalty with stubborn-

ness. But I quite agree with you that her coastguard lover——"

"Lover!" angrily interrupted Mr. Breton, for once in his life forgetting to drawl his words; "never call him that again. He my daughter's—— It would kill her mother to hear you say so! However, after to-night she will never see him again, and that piece of sentimental folly will be driven out of her head."

Delornay was silent; he believed a good deal more than Breton in the strength of Olive's girlish devotion, though he saw plainly enough what a fatal element of discord it would introduce into the family at the Dower House.

And whilst these two ultra-refined gentlemen were quietly disposing of the fate of the lovers, the young couple were settling matters in a very different way.

"Do not take me home yet," Olive said, directly they were alone together. "I must talk to you; I cannot part from you."

The night was dark and cold, but they cared not for that, as, walking straight away from the village, they made their way to the long breakwater, which reaches half-way across the mouth of the harbour, and which was, in all weathers, Olive's favourite resort. There Bevan found her a tolerably sheltered spot behind some rocks, and, heedless of the cold, they sat down side by side. In a few moments Olive burst out impetuously:

"You heard what he said—my father—and how he spoke to you? Jack, forgive him; he does not know you or me, or anything about us."

"I have nothing to forgive," Bevan said.

"But you must believe in me this much," she went on—"you must promise me that you will never doubt me. They will try to separate me from you, I know, but they will not succeed; I will be true

to you." She paused an instant, and then she went on, even more earnestly, with the tears standing in her great, gray eyes: "I give you my solemn promise, Jack, I will be true to you, so Heaven help me, and nothing but death shall separate us."

"My darling, I have told you before, I cannot accept any such pledge from you—I dare not. Only this one thing I will promise you: whatever you do, I shall not blame you, nor feel one moment's anger against you. I trust you entirely; and if I hear some day that—that you are the wife of some rich gentleman, I shall know that he is good as well as rich, and I will pray Heaven for your happiness as earnestly as though it were entrusted to my care."

"Oh, my love!" she cried; "spare me. Do not talk so. I am wholly yours, as I always shall be."

"You are free as the wind," he said; and at that instant it blew with a great gust upon them, driving the rain into their faces, and almost blinding them for the moment.

A fierce storm was commencing, and, though Olive must be wet through before she could reach the cottage, it was impossible to sit any longer where they were; and so, putting her arm in his, she struggled towards home. The storm harmonised far better with her feelings than the calm of a summer's evening, for it seemed to intensify the passionate fervour of this sad farewell.

They are not to be described, these bitter partings, for who can express in words the silent agony of just one glance, one pressure of the hand, one single lingering kiss?

It was all over at last, and Bevan, ere he closed the cottage door upon his love, watched her slowly climb the narrow stairs, her head bowed low, and her whole frame shaken by sobs. Then he went out into the driving rain and wind alone.

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